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Easter.

The coming of Easter early this month makes a special appeal to all sections of the Christian Church and to none should it more strongly appeal than to our own. Only those who know us not would think us unresponsive to its spiritual message. Unlike other Christian Churches we have no stereotyped articles of belief and yet there are some things of fundamental importance which claim us and hold us. Among these there stands out with singular strength of conviction the belief in the life hereafter. There were people prior to the coming of Christ who longed for and were searching after religious certitude in this respect. They refused to believe that in God's world and as affecting God's children death was the conqueror. But it is one thing to feel after a saving truth and another to give it triumphant expression and power for human aspiration. The latter we strongly maintain Christ did, and, in doing placed all subsequent believers in His debt. When, therefore, a New Testament writer claims that Christ "abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light through the gospel," he enunciates a truth of first-class importance and one we supremely value. Nothing would be lost but very much gained if we affirmed our immortal Christian hope more frequently than we do.

We could wish that the Easter Services in our churches were responsible for large attendances of worshippers. A year ago we discovered that in America the services on Easter Sunday were the most important and impressive of the year. People lax in their attendance at ordinary times made a point of being in their place. The hour of worship found the streets of the cities crowded with earnest men and women making their way to their respective churches. The crowded attendance at Dr. Dodson's church in St. Louis on Easter Sunday morning made it necessary to supplement the ordinary sitting accommodation. Prior to the service and beginning at 9-30, there was presented a most impressive pageant, entitled "Sir Galahad," the tableaux being most effectively represented by the young people of Church and Sunday School. Similar pageants were given in other churches on the same day. In Chicago special Easter music by joint-choirs drew an attendance of over three thousand people and many people had to be turned away. In these different ways the sanctity and significance of Christian Festival of Easter were recognised to the enrichment of worship and the worshippers.

For our own part we have long felt that it is a pity to ignore, as we sometimes do, such common occasions as make a particular religious appeal. We may not welcome all the items of the orthodox Christian Calendar, but concerning the most important times of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide and the like, we should let it appear that our faith is as strong and as sanely Christian as any other Churches have to offer to thoughtful men and women to-day.

Notes of the Month.

This month the National Conference of our churches is to hold its Triennial Meetings from April 12th to 16th. The place of the meetings on this occasion is Sheffield. A very varied programme of services amd meetings has been arranged and it is t be hoped that members of our Non-Subscribing Church may be represented at the Sheffield proceedings. It is a matter of interest that one of our own ministers is to conduct the devotional part of the Opening Service in Upper Chapel There is a certain fitness in that appointment as Upper Chapel was the first Unitarian Congregation to which the Rev. H. J. Rossington attached himself when he made a breach with his earlier church of England connection. As the Rev. W. G. Tarrant was also resident in Sheffield in his earlier days, both the service and the sermon will have an appropriate local significance. The attractiveness of the programme generally should be responsible for a successful and largely attended Conference.

* *

As a certain amount of general interest has been aroused by the interesting experiment being tried by the Holywood congregation we are grateful for the opportunity afforded us of giving it prominence as planned by the Committee. We hope our readers will give it earnest attention. Certainly our Holywood friends have taken out no copyright for their attempt to rouse earnestness and devotion on the part of their own adherents and should their example inspire others to do likewise they will therein see their reward enhanced. It is certainly required of an organised church to pool all ideas that have proved helpful, always bearing in mind that what may suit one set of local conditions will not necessarily suit another. It is the manifestation of the one spirit of zealous devotion which is really important, so long as every church and every centre is quick to find for it its most effective vehicle.

* *

We would like it to be generally known that the Committee of the Ulster Unitarian Christian Association is ready at all times to secure the latest publications of the British and Foreign and American Unitarian Associations. It has under order at present works issued by both those bodies, such as it hopes will appeal to thoughtful readers and be of a moderate price. The full catalogues can be consulted at the Depository and books required will always be procured as soon as possible. If our friends will bear these things in mind they can help an organization which has tried to help our community for the last fifty years and hopes to help it even more effectually in the new period which is opening. The forthcoming Jubilee should not only be a time of retrospection, but mean the planning of better and fuller work for the future.

* *

We regret that owing to a mistake of the printer a short introductory paragraph which was intended to precede the article on Thoreau in our last issue was unfortunately omitted. Therein we expressed our indebtedness to "The Down Recorder" for its report of the Rev. John Begg's sermon on the New England writer. We now wish to make it plain that we not only felt grateful for the opportunity of reproducing an excellent discourse but also actually said as much. Unfortunately it sometimes happens that when an editor proposes the printer disposes—otherwise. Hence our apologies to Mr. Begg and to the editor of "The Down Recorder."

N.B.—All Communications should reach the Editor, Ardeevin, Cadogan Park, Belfast, not later than the 16th of the month preceding publication.

Sermon Preached in the First Church, Belfast.

By Rev. G. J. Slipper, Newry,

At the Morning Service, Sunday, 7th March, 1926.

The words of our text are chosen from the 12th Chap. of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, at the 4th and 5th verses :—"*As we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and ..every one, members one of another.*"

One who bore a honoured name in our community of the Christian Church has well said, "It is the Christian view of man that society is constituted as it is, not to separate us from each other, but rather to aid us in combining together with our diversities of gifts" and "diversities of operations" in such a way as would not be possible if every man was a duplicate of his fellow : and also, to make us realise that we are more precious to one another, and ought to be more closely connected by our individual varieties of stations and powers than any uniformity could make us. . . all working for a common good, all necessary to the health of each and the whole, or, as our text puts it—"every one members one of another."

I do not think anyone will question the wisdom of this statement : and it sets before us a great ideal—one that most surely attracts us to it by the wide scope of its beneficent operation both in the moral and spiritual realms of life.

How to attain unto this ideal has been the purpose, and one ought to say, the problem of all who have set themselves to the task of interpreting its claims ; and whilst it has to be confessed that the attainment has not been fully achieved, it may be claimed that the spirit of this ideal is becoming more and more operative in the onward progress of life. By *divers* means, and even by *diverse* methods is is being made a lasting influence for good ; one which must ultimately lead to the realisation for which so many, in every branch of the Church have both worked and prayed.

The silent leaven has been slowly but surely leavening the lump ; and the experiences of the past few years have accentuated the need that exists for emphasizing the social side of our common religious life, and for fostering the spirit of brotherhood which is one of the great essentials of the Christianity which Jesus both taught and exemplified when on earth.

It does not require the vision power of a prophet to discern that in the present time the Christian Church is confronted by a challenge which it must meet and answer. It is the challenge which the man in the street throws down, often, alas ! by way of hostile criticism : but criticism which has first been suggested, not so much through opposition or hatred to the Church, as by a longing to see the Church established firmly upon those principles which are plainly the standards of the religion which our Lord founded. The dissatisfaction which exists, and is so often expressed, does not always emanate from those who are estranged from Christianity, but rather from those who are opposed to the interpretation that is set upon Christianity by the goodly number who so often presume to be its strongest advocates.

It is quite a common thing nowadays to hear that the Church has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Yes ! but wanting in what ? This is the question which suggests itself when we hear such a charge made : and it is one which covers a very wide field of enquiry. We are a Christian nation. Our civilization is Christian at the heart of it. Society is ostensibly based upon Christian foundations. Is it possible, think you, that the Church is Christian in name, and not in fact ? If this is really the

case, then it deserves all the criticism that is levelled against it, and more also, because of its disloyalty to the claims of its Founder. Personally, I do not think it is thus, whatever faults it may have.

Some years ago, at one of the Triennial meetings of our Church body held in England, I remember a paper being read by a Jewish scholar of repute, Mr. Claude G. Montefiore, whose learning and broad outlook qualified him to speak, upon a subject which sounded very strange as coming from one holding the Jewish faith, *viz.*, "The significance of Jesus to His own age." In a perfectly frank treatment of his subject, the lecturer asserted, among other conclusions, that the centre of Christ's teaching is God : and the central fact of Christianity is Christ.

Someone may say—a common place assertion this, but is it accepted ?

If the centre of Christianity is Christ, well ! the ideal of the disciple of Christ must be to follow, so far as is possible, the example of that perfect Life, and help to carry forward the great work which He left to be fulfilled, to its most beneficent issue. The significance of Jesus to His own age, was that He sought to change the whole order of life, to divest religion of hampering futilities : to sanctify and uplift the common life of the people, to improve the social conditions under which the people lived : to create a deeper spirit of love like unto the love of God, and a larger sense of brotherhood and fellowship. It is very interesting, and not a little instructive to study the "human side of Christ's ministry." You remember that incident recorded by St. Luke, of how He went "as His custom was" into the synagogue of His home village, on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read the lesson for the day. And opening the book He found the place where it was written "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor : He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind ; to set at liberty them that are bruised ; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

In this passage we have the evidence that Jesus did not spiritualize his commission in the way that some of his followers have done. He did not draw any arbitrary line between the natural and the spiritual needs of men, between their souls and their bodies. As a modern expositor says so truly, "His ministry stands described in that message he borrowed from the prophet, as a ministry of the redemption and enlargement of life, of release, of recovery of liberty, of a better time for those to whom existence offered little, and he was too human in his sympathy and love to interpret this in a narrow sense. It was not the captivity of sin alone, but the bond of sorrow and suffering, the evidence of all crippled, thwarted unrealised life that appealed to Jesus. And this is just precisely the significance of Jesus for this modern age. This is the ideal toward which we should look, and when the Church of Christ fulfils that ideal, there will be less hostile criticism, fewer challenges, and more response to its appeals.

We are all more or less familiar with that scene in our Lord's life known as the "Transfiguration" but are we equally familiar with the scene in the valley ? Like those disciples who were with the Master, many would prefer to abide always on the Mount, and muse upon the glories of heaven, and sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss. Certainly it is wise and good for us all to climb to the heights some times, that we may fill our souls with heaven's purity and peace. And it is well to give our minds and hearts to the highest spiritual culture.

But our ethereal longings and our spiritual culture must not make us complacent or selfish. Nay ! we must carry our Christian culture into the street and market place : into the grimy alleys where ignorance and sin

rear their heads in uninterrupted profusion.

The note of Christ's evangel must be sounded in the highways—bidding the weary and heavy-laden find rest in Him, and proclaiming to all the promise of that true life which He came to give in fullest abundance to all who will receive.

It is scarcely necessary that I should emphasise the need which exists for such service. It is too evident to be ignored: rather would I press its claims as they affect us. We cannot be Christians, and remain indifferent to them, for, believe me, there cannot be any real and acceptable service to God, where there is no real service to man.

It is my privilege this morning—one that I value most highly, to place before you the claims of an institution, established by the members of this and its neighbouring congregation, more than 70 years ago, to fulfil in some part the service of which I have spoken. The Domestic Mission was founded, as many know, to ameliorate the conditions of the poor of Belfast, and to lead souls to Christ. It is a noble work, and I speak from personal experience, and however much the conditions may have changed during the intervening years, the beneficent scope of its operations has not lessened, rather has it become enlarged. I look back to those years in which it was my good fortune to minister in that Church and recall to mind many experiences which made my work a very happy work: and I recall too, the consecrated services of some of those good friends whose interest sprung from the love of their hearts toward their less fortunate brethren.

A modern preacher has said (very truly I think), that the Christian disciple is the trustee and steward of a supreme treasure of humanity, and it is not silver and gold. It is possible to focus through the human soul the essential creative force that made the heaven and the earth: the body and the mind of men. It is for every disciple who will truly associate with the Lord, to make himself a channel of real power to lame humanity. There is a story of Tolstoi, which tells how the great Russian reformer was stopped one day in the streets of Moscow by a beggar who asked alms of him. Tolstoi found that he had not a coin to give the beggar, so putting his hand affectionately upon the man's shoulder, and calling him "*Brother*," he explained his position. And the beggar lifted his hungering eyes to the elder man's face, and they were shining with tears as he said, "Never mind, you have given me something better, you said 'Brother.'"

Believe me, my friends, there is no other, no better way for Christianity to satisfy the hungry world of our time. The world is much more hungry for real Christian brotherhood and love than for anything else. As somebody has so well expressed the thought.

I gave a beggar from my scanty store
Of well earned gold, He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, still cold
And hungry as of old.
I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine,
He found himself: the man, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold
And now he begs no more.

It is toward such an ideal as this that the work of the mission is directed to enlighten and uplift, to give heart and hope, to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ in terms of service. We owe it to those loyal Christian souls of former generations that their work shall live on—a memorial to their labours, upon which others have entered. One recalls the real Christian interest, unobtrusively displayed, of those who gave both of their means and their leisure to carry on the Masters' work in the midst. It is the bounden duty of the younger generations to be faithful and loyal to the

heritage of service. I ask you to give generously of your means, in support of a cause which is of immeasurable blessing both to him that gives and to him that receives. From the terms of a circular which the Secretary sent to me a few days ago, I notice there is need of a revival of interest on the financial side of the work, and I am confident that need will be met.

But give what is even greater than money—give the personal service, the personal sympathy, the personal interest. Scope will be found for all the Christian energy which can be bestowed, and it will strengthen the hands and encourage the efforts of your missionary who has sometimes, as I know from experience, a difficult task, a lonely part to play.

Personality counts, and in nothing so much as in the fellowship with the struggling masses who have little, nay often no margin in their lives, and very little blue sky in the dull drab outlook of their lives. As that circular to which I have just referred, and which most of you have received, so truly says, we have no foreign missions, but we have this one home mission to claim our service. If we are indifferent to its claims, we fail in our allegiance to Him whose greatest tribute was that He went about doing good.

May God direct and prosper the work through the agency of faithful souls imbued with the Spirit of Jesus, and to Him be ascribed all honour, glory and power, now and evermore—AMEN.

Belfast Domestic Mission.

New Subscribers and Workers Needed.

The Annual Meeting of the subscribers and friends of the Belfast Domestic Mission was held on Monday evening, March 8th, in the Central Hall, Rosemary Street, Mr. E. R. Jackson presiding over a good attendance.

The report of the Committee, which was read by the retiring secretary, Rev. M. Watkins, stated that the mission was flourishing, and that Mr. Kirkham, the missionary, was doing good work in very difficult times. Unemployment was still widespread, and the Mission "Poor's Purse" showed that distress was very prevalent. During the year electric light had been installed at the mission with the help of the young men, under Mr. N. Kirkham's guidance, and it was pleasing to record that the work did not involve the committee in any financial obligation. Staunch supporters in Miss Nelson, Miss Bruce, Miss Lindsay, Dr. Gawin Orr, Mr. Alec. Spence, Mr. J. Hunter, and Mr. Isaac Hampton, had passed away, and to their relatives sincere sympathy was extended. The committee again renewed its appeal for new subscribers and workers, so that the religious purposes and beneficent intentions of the mission might be continued with unabated vigour in bringing grace and healing to the homes of the poor.

The Provident Fund report was submitted by Mrs. E. R. Jackson, and the statement of accounts by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. Mackenzie, while the Missionary's report was presented by Mr. Kirkham. On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Harold Thomas, the reports and statement of accounts were adopted, and thanks were extended to the missionary, on the motion of Rev. J. A. Kelly, seconded by Mrs. H. Thomas. The members of the General Committee and Ladies' Committee were re-elected, on the motion of Mr. W. M'Cafferty, seconded by Mrs. Slipper.

The Chairman moved a vote of thanks to Rev. G. J. Slipper (Newry), for preaching the annual sermons, and Mr. Slipper, in reply, said the work of the mission had not been easy, but he believed the spirit which had been inculcated in the early years had been in evidence. Circumstances had compelled changes to be made, but the work was being carried on zealously, faithfully, and loyally. He trusted that the young men and women

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would realise that personal services and personal interest must be given in order that the welfare of the mission should be safeguarded.

On the motion of Rev. H. J. Rossington, seconded by Rev. E. Lockett, thanks were given to the workers, and especially Dr. Malcolm Brice Smyth, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings. —" Belfast News-Letter," March 9th, 1926.

Sin and Sorrow.

By Dean Inge.

To identify sin with imperfection is the same thing as to confound absolute with relative goodness. Sin means failure to reach an attainable, not an unattainable standard. It is no fault in a plant that it cannot move about, nor in a child that it is not a man, nor in a man that he is not omniscient. The boy Jesus grew in wisdom as in stature, for it is the perfection of youth to increase in both; but in Him was no sin.

As we advance in goodness, our consciousness of sin becomes more, not less acute. The clash of yes and no is more strident in the higher stages of the moral life than in any other part of experience. It is not the man of the world, but the saint, whose eyes gush out with water because men keep not God's law. It is not some new convert from Pagan vices, but St. Paul, who finds no metaphor weaker than crucifixion adequate to describe the treatment which the old " man " in him requires. It is St. John, the evangelist of love, who paints the contrast of light and darkness in such uncompromising strokes. As we advance in the knowledge of God—while other discords are harmonised and other boundary lines obliterated, while we come more and more to see God in all things and all things in God—the contrast between moral good and moral evil is

not blurred. On the contrary, we see and feel it more and more strongly.

To feel sin is to feel sorrow. Eighteen centuries of Christians have seen in the prophet's picture of the suffering servant of the Lord, the representative of his afflicted nation, a true portraiture of the Saviour of mankind, who made his life an offering for sin.

Our generation does not love that picture. I remember a child's schoolbook called *Arithmetic Without Tears*. We want to have religion without tears also. In this as in other ways we are feeling the influence of the United States, the home of various sects of mind-cure. The strength of these movements lies in a system of mental hygiene which in many cases seems to be strikingly successful. Starting from the theory expressed in Shakespeare's words, that there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, they hold that pain and evil may really be banished from the earth in proportion as we refuse to recognise their existence. Regarded simply as a mode of treatment, this principle of turning away from the dark side of things is often valuable. But when its adherents proclaim that they have discovered a new philosophy or a new science, and that this science or philosophy is Christian, we cannot follow them. There are essential differences between Christianity and the new gospel of healthy-mindedness. The new sect agrees with Christianity in teaching that worry and anxiety are wrong. Perhaps few of ius have realised how emphatic our Lord's warnings are against anxiety, that slayer of joy and love. But anxiety for the future is one thing, sorrow for the past is another. St. Paul knew well how to distinguish godly sorrow, as he calls it, from the sorrow of the world. The former worketh carefulness, clearing of ourselves. indignation, fear, vehement desire, and avenging. But the sorrow of the world worketh death.

We must not follow the new guides who tell us that all and every kind of sorrow is wrong. We may condemn the sorrow of the world as much as we like. Bishop Paget of Oxford aroused great interest when he disinterred from the medieval casuists the deadly sin of acedia, a compound of defection, sloth and irritability, which seems to paralyse faith, hope, and love all at once, making us dismal companions, inefficient workers, and grudging servants of God. Dante puts the victims of acedia in a filthy swamp, out of which they can only gurgle in their throats ; " We were unhappy in the sweet air which is gladdened by the sun, carrying sullen lazy smoke within out hearts ; so now we lie unhappy in the black mire."

That is all very true and very useful. But when we are told to put away sorrow altogether from our lives, we must not forget that the capacity to feel bodily pain is a boon and a safeguard. And the nerves of the spiritual life—the prickings of conscience and the stings of remorse—were not given us for nothing. It was not left to Christianity to make this discovery " Benefit comes to us, says Plato, " through pain and smart ; for there is no other way of getting rid of unrighteousness." " Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

The new teaching seems to be that we should receive the chastening of the Lord as a naughty boy takes a flogging. and say, " Who cares ? It doesn't hurt." This is not the Christian way of meeting trouble, which is rather by believing that our suffering is the necessary means of good to ourselves or to others. This is the theme of that remarkable little book, *The Mystery of Pain*, by James Hinton. The author endured gladly many years of bodily suffering, consoled by the words of St. Paul : " I rejoice in my sufferings, and fill up that which is incomplete in the afflictions of Christ, for His body's sake, the Church," " One flash of light from the unseen, one word spoken by God, might wrap the sorrow-stricken heart of man in the wonder of an un-

utterable glory." And this word has been spoken ; fellowship with Christ in suffering has been assured to us as our privilege.

The redemptive value of suffering is a difficult subject, and I confess that I have not been able to console myself in physical pain by the thought that in some mysterious way mankind was the better for my discomfort. But there may be some truth in it. And in any case we cannot doubt that pain and sorrow may be so borne as to be a blessing to ourselves. *Ohne Leiden wird niemand geadelt.* There is something undistinguished, common, vulgar, superficial about the moral character of a man who has never passed through the fire of suffering.

The following of the Man of Sorrows will not make us unhappy men and women. " Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," is one of the Christian paradoxes which are not contradictions. If we will take up our cross bravely and simply, neither refusing to carry it nor pretending that it is not a cross but something else, we shall find that the yoke is easy and the burden light. —*The Church of England Newspaper*, March 5th.

The Malady of the Ideal.

It is not often that a name has been added to European literature in a single day, and on the appearance of a work which could have no successor. Yet this has been the strange fortune of Henri Frederic Amiel. Amiel's outward life, that part of a man's existence that is often so entirely at variance with his soul-life, was an uneventful one. Born at Geneva in 1821, he early, at the age of twelve, lost both parents. He and his two sisters, this permaturely orphaned, were separated and brought up by different relatives. As a boy he was delicate, of a sensitive, impressionable temperament, upon which the Puritan atmosphere of Geneva made a lasting impression. From 1844 to 1848 he studied in Berlin. These were important years in his life, for in them German philosophy gained an inalienable hold over him. In 1849 he was appointed Professor of Aesthetics at the Academy of Geneva, this he exchanged four years later for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, which he retained until his death in 1881. He never married and his life at Geneva was one of retirement, having only a few friends who were attracted by his magnetic personality and charm of manner. He missed all that the world esteems—happiness, family life, professional popularity, literary renown, but he found God, and when nearing his end he wrote " I do not think I have been wrong, for all through, I have been in harmony with my best self." No man who can say that has failed ; however the world may appraise him. " Every soul has an individual outlook towards the Infinite." Amiel died, having given nothing to the world in any way worthy of his peculiar powers. But he left behind him a work which at once was the worthy labour of a lifetime. Amiel is exclusively known by the ' Journal ' which he left behind him, which was published a year after his death. When the ' Journal ' appeared that happened which takes place when a new constellation floats into our sky. Amiel seems to have been confident that his journal would be immortal. He writes in early life—" Let the living live, and you gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feelings and ideas ; you will be most useful so."

" The Journal Intime " of Amiel presents the itinerary of his soul through thirty-three years, the confidences of a solitary thinker in whose complex nature several minds seem to maintain a controversy. He sounded in his soul " the whole octave of the nineteenth century consciousness, and his keen spiritual sagacity led him to the heart of the problem. There is hardly a literary criticism in this journal which is not masterly, and his criticisms of

society, politics, national character, religion are just and penetrating in an eminent degree, and some of his aphorisms are well worth our remembering—"A society lives on its faith and develops itself by science." "Liberal communities are impossible with an anti-liberal religion, and almost impossible with the absence of religion." This disenchanted brooder, full of a tranquil disgust at the futility of our ambitions, dazzled with the Infinite, can observe the world and society with consummate keenness, shrewdness and delicacy.

The posthumous record of this inner life has stirred the hearts of readers all over Europe, and won him a riche in the Temple of Immortality. What is the secret of the sudden and unexpected success of the "Journal Intime"? Style is what gives value and currency to thought, and Amiel, in spite of all his Germanisms, has style of the best kind. When all deductions have been made his claim is still first and foremost, the claim of the poet and the artist. Then to the poetical beauty of manner we must add its extraordinary psychological interest. Then behind and deeper still, the journal is full of the note of personal religion. Religion, Amiel declares, again and again, cannot be replaced by philosophy. "The redemption of the intelligence is not the redemption of the heart." "My love of movement, which looks so like inconstancy, was at bottom only a perpetual search, a hope, a desire, and a care—the malady of the Ideal." Amiel was too keenly aware of the many errors existing in contemporary theology to do otherwise than reject it; hence he concentrated all his powers upon separating God from those beliefs that concealed rather than revealed Him. In his meditations he clearly discerns and emphasises the lack among Western nations of soul-culture, prophecying that unless meditation and contemplation have their place in man's life, progress will be but another name for retrogression. Man cannot live without religion; man cannot live without meditation; man cannot live without God, are Amiel's constant themes. The church's duty is to undergo from age to age a fresh change, and to be ever spiritualising its conception of Christ and of Salvation. "Religion for me is to live and die in God, in complete abandonment to the Holy Will which is at the root of nature and destiny. I believe in the Gospel, the Good News—that is to say, in the reconciliation of the sinner with God, by faith in the love of a pardoning Father." Can Thomas à Kempis come closer to the heart than the following:

"Willing what God wills is the only art of peace and rest. It is strange to go to bed knowing that one may not see to-morrow. I knew it well last night; yet here I am. When one counts the future by hours, and to-night is already the unknown, one gives up everything, and justs talks with oneself. As long as I can hold my pen, and have a movement of solitude I will recollect myself, and converse with my God. Not an examination of conscience, not an act of contrition, not a cry of appeal. Only an Amen of submission."—"My child, give Me your heart." His charm and power are seen in the following—"I have been dreaming a long while in the moonlight, which floods my room with a radiance, full of vague mystery. Tell me what you feel in your solitary room when the full moon is shining in upon you and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy." "This morning the poetry of the scene, the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the breeze blowing over the fresh green fields—all rose into and filled my heart. In these moments of tête-à-tête with the Infinite, how different life looks. How all that usually occupies and excites us becomes suddenly frivolous and vain. Be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen; give to your life unity, and bring the un-

foreseen within the lines of your plan. Thus will your development be harmonious, and the peace of heaven will shine upon your brow." His cleavage from Evangelical Protestantism is transparent in the following passage—"Gradually it is becoming plain that historical Protestantism has no longer a raison d'être between pure liberty and pure authority. It is, in fact, a provisional stage, founded on the worship of the Bible—that is to say, on the idea of a written revelation, and of a book divinely inspired, and therefore authoritative. This thesis being relegated to the rank of a fiction, orthodox Protestantism crumbles away away." He fell back, like Emerson and the Friends, on the Voice within and the moral consciousness. "My creed has melted away, but I believe in good, in the moral order, and in salvation," "Our business is to point men to another ideal, purer, higher, more spiritual than the old, and so to raise behind a lofty summit one more lofty still."

On the question of immortality which permeates so much of his journal symbolized by Spring and Easter, he shall speak for himself—"There can be no doubt that the idea of a happy immortality serving as a harbour of refuge from the tempests of this mortal existence, and rewarding the fidelity, the patience, the submission, and the courage of the travellers on life's sea—there can be no doubt that this idea, the strength of so many generations and the faith of the Church, carries with it inexpressible consolation to those who are wearied, burdened, and tormented by pain and suffering. I have defended the cause of the immortality of the soul against those who questioned it, and yet when I have reduced them to silence, I have scarcely known whether at bottom I was not after all on their side. To be born, to struggle, to disappear—there is the whole ephemeral drama of human life. Except in a few hearts, and not even always in one, our memory passes like a ripple on the water, or a breeze in the air. If nothing in us is immortal what a small thing is life!" His Easter meditations reveal why The Cross is the guarantee of the Gospel. What Thomas à Kempis has been to orthodox Christianity, Amiel's journal ought to be to all of us of the Liberal Faith, for as Amiel truly says "Affinity of nature founded on worship of the same Ideal is the only affinity worthy anything." Shortly before his death he writes—"The most beautiful existence, it seems to me, would be that of a river which should get through all its rapids and waterfalls not far from its rising, and should then in its widening course form a succession of rich valleys, and in each of them a lake equally but diversely beautiful, to end, after the plains of age were past, in the Ocean where all that is weary and heavy-laden comes to seek for Rest." "Death is like a sleep—a sleep instinct with Hope."

"To every question put to life
The Highest answer is a Cross."

"Christian faith is triumph over pain, victory over death," so when Amiel's "bark sank 'twas to another sea."

G.V.C.

"Outlines of the History of Presbyterianism in Ireland."

By Dr. Henry Montgomery.

Strabane and its Sequel.

To me, and to many others, the scene was awful. I have looked upon the wreck of earthly hopes—I have followed the remains of loved ones to the tomb—I have myself stood, as I believed, upon the very brink of the grave: but, I solemnly declare, that, before or since, I never experienced such an utter crushing and desolation of the heart, as I felt in the Synod-house of Strabane, at three o'clock, on the 30th of June, 1827. I had taken my stand, immediately in front of the pulpit; the whole House lay distinctly before me: the galleries, the

alleys, the very window-seats were densely crowded by an eager and angry multitude. With one or two exceptions, I could discern no marks of triumph on the countenances of the majority—many of them were comparative boys. They had no doubt gained a victory over Christian liberty, amidst popular excitement, and by unscrupulous appeals to unworthy prejudices and passions, because to have opposed them either by speech or vote, would have brought down upon many, sudden and irremediable ruin: and, yet, they did not seem to be quite satisfied with their work; they seemed to shrink from sacrificing the victims whom they had taken unawares, without notice of preparation. But, if the very vistors appeared to be thus disconcerted, how did it fare with the vanquished? Some ten or twelve, who had firmly resolved to keep a conscience at all hazards, manifested that tranquillity of countenance and demeanour which ever attends upon an honest purpose. My venerated master, Nathaniel Alexander, stood erect, like "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile": the true-hearted Robert Campbell, although clearly foreseeing the tempest which afterwards so relentlessly burst upon him, continued calm and unmoved: the noble brow of William Porter remained unruffled: John Mitchell, the Melancthon of our church, "looked more in pity than in anger," upon his opponents: and Fletcher Blakely, the early champion of truth and freedom, maintained a bearing worthy of his character and cause. But, there were others of the vanquished there—less firm, less sustained, deeply miserable. Some of them too were hoary-headed men—"to dig unable, and to beg ashamed": and some were middle-aged, but wanting popular talents to give them any hope of successfully supporting an unpopular cause: and some were young, with human hopes and affections, too strong for nobler purposes, clinging around their hearts. I knew them all: I knew their opinions and their feelings: "I saw the iron enter into their souls," Some of them looked down, in shame: others looked up, in agony: but only two alternatives presented themselves to view—closed pulpits, starving children, and destitute old age—or, all those appalling evils avoided, by uttering a solemn false hood, before God and the world! Like Peter, they fell, they sinned: and like him, some of them, I *know*, "repented bitterly, with tears"! I do not justify their conduct: I do not deny their weakness, their guilt. But, were they the only, or even the principal sinners, in this deplorable affair? They wanted moral courage—they were deficient in Christian integrity—they sacrificed truth to the yearning affections of the human heart: but those who, for ambition, for the love of power, under the plea of promoting a visionary and unattainable uniformity of belief, wilfully and deliberately laid snares for their unwary feet, were unquestionably steeped in tenfold guilt. The seducer is always more criminal than his victim—the suborner of perjury is deeper dyed in sin, than the low wretch who commits it—and the solemn falsehoods uttered in Strabane lie heaviest on the souls of those who tempted frail and erring brethren to pronounce them. And what was the compensative gain, for all this sacrifice of decency and truth?

[To be continued].

The Real Unitarian.

"It ought to be a principle of every man's religion to take the religion of every other man and the church of every other man at its best and the man himself at his best. Surely a true Christian and real gentleman can do no less. We try to do as we would be done by. So when our neighbours tell us how beautiful their faith seems to them we rejoice that they have found a source of inspiration and

strength. To those who would like to know the kind of man a Unitarian tries to be, we submit the following statement of one of our honoured ministers : He is ' a man who demands freedom for himself, and grants the same liberty to his neighbour ; who bestows his love broadly regardless of sect, fellowships all seekers for the truth, and labours for man on account of his need rather than his creed ; who follows reason as the authority for truth and conscience as the guide to conduct, allowing no text or tradition to blind the eye or enslave the heart, and always striving to be wiser to-day than yesterday and better to-morrow than to-day.'

" ' The real Unitarian is one who believes that it is diviner to do a deed of love than to subscribe to any form of doctrine ; who holds that religion is spiritual worship, personal righteousness, and helpful service ; and who learns from Jesus to be forgiving, merciful and useful.

" ' The real Unitarian is one who sees the universe under a law that is love, finds nature interwoven with Fatherhood, and beholds God immanent in all souls ; who traces the divine revelation in all discoveries of truth ; and who has faith that Providence embraces humanity, and that all wanderers will some day find their way home to the Infinite Goodness.

" ' And these great root-truths and imperial sentiments, so widely shared in varying measures by others, being no monopoly of ours, will help us all to march forward through life, serene under abuse, patient in disappointments, heroic in danger, victorious in temptation, helpful with love and cheerful with hope in our little corner, feeling that God is our Father, and that beyond the grave lies in immortal light and blessedness the household of our affections.' "—From the calendar of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, U.S.A., of which Dr. Dodson, is minister.

Pillars.

" She is one of the pillars of my church," said a minister, of a devoted worker. " He shall become a pillar in the temple of my God, and shall go out no more," says the Book of Revelation. " He standeth now like a white pillar to the west, upon whose face the rising Sun of thought eternal poureth forth its first most glorious waves," says an Eastern book.

Man, woman and child are represented by pillars. There are three main types of Greek pillars, from which other types are derived : the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian. The Doric represents man, the Ionic represents woman, the Corinthian represents the child. These three forms are very familiar, and are frequently seen on certain certificates, which are shewn framed, in many houses in the North of Ireland. In passing a building, fronted by pillars, it is interesting to note of what type they are. " The Doric is the simplest. Its shaft has twenty shallow flutings, and its height is eight times its diameter. It has no base, and the capital is solid and quite plain. The column is considered to be formed after the model of a muscular full-grown man : it shows strength and noble simplicity." " The Ionic column column has twenty-four flutings and a length nine times its diameter. Its capital is adorned by two volutes (twisted like rams' horns). It is thought to be modelled with the grace of a beautiful woman, the voltures being suggested by the dressing of her hair." " The Corinthian column is by far the most beautiful. Its flutings are not different from the Ionic, but it height is ten times its diameter, which gives a slender and very graceful appearance. The capital is ornamented with two rows of acanthus leaves and eight volutes."

The Corinthian column was the outcome of a visit to a cemetery by a man who was a poet and architect named Calimachus. On the grave of a child,

the nurse of the child had placed a circular box containing its toys, and on it a flat tyle to keep off the rain. Round about it an acanthus plant had grown up, with most beautiful effect. Thus man, woman and child are represented by pillars, which also mean strength, wisdom, beauty. "The universe is the Temple of the Deity whom we serve ; wisdom and beauty are about. His throne as pillars of His works."

Great interest is often shewn in the two pillars of Solomon's temple, standing at each side of the entrance, designed by the architect who was a skilled artist, sent to Solomon, by the King of Tyre. They were called Jachin and Boaz. We are informed that Jachin is derived from Jah, which means Jehovah, and achin, "to establish," and signifies "God will establish His house in Israel," while Boaz is compounded of B, which means "in" and oaz, "strength," the whole signifying "in strength shall it be established." The main building according to the description we have of the temple was an oblong, with a long porchway, and on either side of the door standing out by itself was a pillar. Round about were courts of the temple and smaller buildings. The pillars are described as being of brass, but bronze would be more correct. Their height is reckoned at 33 feet 9 inches ; diameter is just under six feet. The pillars were hollow, the metal about four inches thick. They would have served for safes to keep important documents like marriage and baptismal registers, if they had any, or the trust-deed, or any other important writings ; perhaps they did, a little door at the back of each would have made that possible.

The most interesting thing about them was the chapiters which fitted on the tops of the pillars like caps. They were like balls, somewhat orange-shaped, swelling out round the diameter, covered with a network, from the bottom fringe of which hung a number of little balls like pomegranates, two hundred of them, in two rows. Over the network were four palm leaves across each other, then round the chapiter were seven rows of chains in festoons of seven links each, round the top of the chapiter, like a halo round an old saint's bald head, was a wreath of flowers and below the chapiter at the top of the pillar was a circle of flowers in three rows, the whole combining to make a most beautiful design, which though the ordinary worshipper might think it mere ornamentation, yet was most wonderfully symbolic, a heritage from Moses, expressing all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The left-hand globe was the terrestrial and the right hand globe the celestial, and the same emblems served both, for "as above so below." There is a class of writer who must make everything of this sort phallic ; we would do well to put such notions far from us. The world is very old, and a far distant past now veiled in obscurity bequeathed great ideas of man and the universe, which filtered down through Egypt, until it reached Israel. The ordinary worshipper might think of nothing more than the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire ; but, sometime, somewhere must have been those who saw in the network, the web of life, symbolised again by the chequered floor, the forthstreaming life which bears prolific fruit, as in the pomegranate with its multitudinous seeds, typifying the vast multitude and variety of nature's resources. The chains woven round the pillars : chains and rounds, and links as races ; chains, rounds and races, we hear of these to-day. The Ancient Wisdom had many forms and many rituals, and through there was not the detail of surface knowledge which modern Science can give, those ancients saw deep into the heart of things.

Great was the wisdom and beauty bound up with that old Temple worship. But cruelty and bloodshed marred it. In vain did prophets lift their voices against it, and the Great Master declare how easily and quickly He could restore it, if only the Temple were "unbound." The nemesis of

Israel has been over Christianity, and blood, blood, blood, has been the cry, and the dignity and beauty of a majestic scheme been unheeded.

ULLIN.

Some Boston Worthies.

The visitor to Boston if he has personally visited New York and Chicago cannot help feeling that here is a city more nearly akin to England than other American municipalities. There is an Old World atmosphere about its crooked and in some cases narrow streets, its public buildings and surroundings. Here will those of our own particular religious faith feel more at home as they visit the numerous churches which although differently named are really all one.

King's Chapel, right in the very centre of the business life of the city, a former Episcopal Church, will be one of the first to be noticed, situated just a short distance from the Unitarian Headquarters in Beacon Street. Then, across Boston Common, a magnificent public park partly bounded by Beacon Street, Channing's statue will be seen in close proximity to one of the most beautiful of our churches, Arlington Street.

But in this short paper it is not of the city I would write, but rather of some of the people who have been associated with or lived there, such a long list of notables to select from, that one is at a loss where to begin. The suburb Cambridge with its famous Harvard University has for generations been the abode of scholarly people. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wm. Dean Howells, Lowell, Aldrich, are some of the most notable who lived there. Just close by is Auburn Cemetery, a former Horticultural Gardens, a wonderfully laid out "city of the dead," with its paths and roadways named after some plant, shrub or tree. Here may be seen the graves of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Sumner, Choate, Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett, Louis Agassiz, the latter marked by a boulder from a glacier of Aar. Channing's near by, and many other literary notables, not the least of them being "Fanny Fern," Mrs. Parton, a writer dear to many of a former generation of young people in many lands.

Amongst the many famous preachers of Boston, James Freeman Clarke was probably the longest resident in the City. In 1841, he founded the Church of the Disciples. A very prolific writer, his most important work being "Ten Great Religions." Theodore Parker, Thos. Starr King, Emerson, were famous in the 60's. Then Edward Everett Hale, a most impressive preacher and writer. He became minister of the South Congregational Church in 1856, and for over fifty years was identified with every movement for the betterment of his fellowmen. His influence as a preacher was only one phase of a very busy life. Commencing in 1848, he wrote close on a hundred and fifty books and pamphlets dealing with almost every aspect of life. Some of his short stories, particularly "The Man without a Country," are classics.

While Whittier and Bryant were not residents of Boston it was there that their works, first published, attracted the favourable criticism of literary people.

Whittier's sister Mary sent to a country paper, "The Free Press," his poem, 'The Exile's Departure,' and so favourably impressed was the editor, Wm. Lloyd Garrison (afterwards famous for his anti slavery utterances) that he went to see the author, who persuaded Whittier's father to give the poet a better education than he was likely to have at the local school.

Bryant wrote his well known poem Thanatopsis in his seventeenth year, just before he became a law student. His "Lines to a Waterfowl" were written when he became a full-fledged lawyer. This poem was inspired on a December day in the country. Whilst watching a sunset, he saw a wild duck

Continued at foot of next page.

CHURCH LOYALTY.

[We have pleasure in reproducing the following as it appeared recently in the Holywood Calendar.]

First Presbyterian Church, Holywood.

A CHALLENGE FROM THE COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Church Committee, held on Wednesday Evening, 27th January, the members present, unanimously and heartily resolved to pledge themselves to attend, as far as possible, **both** services of their Church on Sundays for **three months ;** and they further determined that at the end of that period, having given this practical demonstration that they are in earnest in this matter of Church attendance, they will proceed to take steps for the visitation of those of their fellow-members who fail to realise their duty and privilege in supporting the worship of their Church.

We make the announcement of this promising forward move on the part of our Committee with much satisfaction, thankfulness, and encouragement.

In taking this practical means to improve the attendance at our Services we feel sure that these members of the Committee are not only hopeful, but also confident, that their fellow-members will not stand by and let them act alone in their effort. They have sufficient faith in our loyalty to the Old Church, and to the cause for which it stands, in our sense of comradeship and co-operation, to believe that many of us, as many of us as really **can,** will join the ranks of the " Twicers," for at least three months.

Even if none of us should take his place by their side—which is surely unthinkable—we are confident that the constant presence of this little band will give new spirit both to the Congregation and to the Minister. But if any considerable number of our members, who have not only the opportunity but also the heart to do so, should accept the Committee's **challenge,** who can say what may come out of this quiet and sensible determination of the Committee ? In any case this fact stands clear as daylight, that every member who accepts this **challenge** and says, " I am not going to let these comrades of mine bear all the brunt of this. I am going to stand by them, and, so far as I can, I will be in my place with them, Sunday morning and Sunday evening, for three months," everyone who says this and **does** this will be pulling his weight and adding to the success of the Committee's effort. Here is a great opportunity: we must not miss it. Everyone of us is **challenged.** What are we going to **do** about it ?

We want to add one word more, and that is to ask the members of the Choir, as many of them as can, to join the Committee in their resolution. Their presence, their help in leading the Congregational singing, will be of the greatest value in this undertaking, and will be gratefully appreciated. It is much to ask of of some of them, but we miss them very much when they are not with us on Sunday evenings, and if some of them will take the Committee's pledge for three months, they will know that they are helping their Church very much.

SOME BOSTON WORTHIES—*Continued.*

flying across a sky of wondrous beauty headed for its home ; this so impressed upon him the lesson of trust in God, as shown in the lines :—

> " He who from zone to zone guides through the sky thy boundless flight,
> In the long way, that I must tread alone, will lead my steps aright.

Longfellow of course is closely identified with Boston, and it may interest his admirers to know that " Tales of a Wayside Inn," refers to the old Red House Tavern of the small town of Sudbury, Connecticut. It is close on three hundred years old. The Squire was Lyman Howe, the owner of the Inn. It was a noted stopping place in the days of the stage coach, but now is a commodious farm house with about a dozen bed rooms and a large dance hall. All the story tellers were real people. The poet was Thos. Parsons, Ole Bull was the musician, the Theologian was a professor at Harvard, Daniel Treadwell.

Ulster Unitarian Christain Association.

Jubilee Celebrations, May 2nd & 3rd.

We have pleasure in giving below particulars of the arrangements made by the Committee of the above organisation to celebrate its Jubilee in May. The Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A., of London, the editor of " The Inquirer," is to be the special preacher in the irst Church, Belfast, on Sunday, May 2nd, and Mr. R. D. Holt, of Liverpool, the member of a highly-respected Unitarian family, is to speak at the Annual Meeting in the Central Hall, on May 3rd. The importance of the occasion together with the attractiveness of the programme, should be responsible for widespread interest and excellent attendances.

Annual Sermons on May 2nd., Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A., Morning and Evening in First Church.

Reception and Afternoon Tea, Monday, May 3rd., 4 o'clock to 5-30 in Central Hall, to meet Mr. R. D. Holt and Mr. Tarrant.

Dinner at 6 o'clock on Monday, at Messrs. Anderson and M'Auley's Restaurant, under the presidency of Mr. W. T. Hamilton, one of the few original members surviving.

Annual Meeting at 8 o'clock in Central Hall, Rev. A. Gordon, M.A., presiding. Addresses from Mr. Holt and Mr. Tarrant.

Non-subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland.

Bangor Congregation

SERVICE EACH SUNDAY EVENING

At 7 o'clock,

IN

Thompson's Tea Rooms, Main St.

(OPPOSITE POST OFFICE)

Minister: Rev. A. Whitford, Moneyrea.

Hon, Treasurer:
Mr. T. LILLIE,
6 Bingham St., Bangor.

Hon. Secretary:
Mr. GEORGE HILL,
45 Ballyholme Esplanade.

Reports.

Unity Guild.—The Dramatic Entertainment, which has now become a regular and popular item in the winter's programme, was given in the Central Hall, Rosemary Street, on Tuesday, March 9th, with a second performance in the same building the following evening. The piece selected was an operetta, " Pearl the Fishermaiden," by Clementine Ward. It was no small undertaking, and those responsible must have taken considerable pains, and exercised even more patience, to make possible so much success. Mrs. E. R. Jackson was the producer and was also responsible for the effective costumes. The Rev. M. Watkins made a capable and unobtrusive conductor. Miss Nan Purdy was at the piano, and responsible for a varied programme of incidental items as well as for the accompaniment of the operetta itself. The scenery, always an important feature, was appropriate, under the control of Messrs. Kirkham, N. Woolley, Purdy and D. Lockett. While the writer was only present at the Tuesday performance and limits his criticism to that, it is satisfactory to learn that on Wednesday there was a still larger attendance and an even better rendering of the operetta. Usually the first performance forms the first full dress rehearsal, and exhibits some of the defects incidental thereto. It was so on this occasion. The rendering as a whole lacked cohesiveness and tended at times to drag. The cue was dropped occasionally, but the prompter was not too much in evidence. Doubtless, these defects were less marked on the second occasion. The acting of the principals was very good, Jack Munn as the old fisherman, Daddy Whelk, and Miss M'Causland, who took the part of his wife, made good play and danced effectively. Miss Lina Russell, who filled the difficult role of the leading character, Pearl, both looked attractive and realised the part of the fishermaiden very well. Possibly owing to a touch of nervousness her singing was not always as satisfactory as her acting, and occasionally she lost the pitch. But, on the whole, her representation was excellent. Mr. Hamilton Melville, who as brigand chief, had much to do, and did it very well, was made up quite effectively for his successful wooing as well as for his later dignified role of the King's son. His father, King Alphonso, king of Nemoland, was capitally played by Mr. Lewis Watters, while Mr. R. Lusk, as King's Jester, was a popular favourite for his quips and equally able singing. Miss Elva Orr, both as Fishermaiden and as Mistress of the Bedchamber, made a very attractive appearance, as also did the Pages, Miss R. Cowan and Miss E. Beattie. Messrs. E. and D. Lockett were stalwart and picturesque brigands, Mr. Norman Woolley a rather austere-looking Lord Chancellor who spoke his lines effectively. The graceful dancing of Miss Eileen Miller added considerably to the pleasure of the audience. The fairly numerous choruses went with a swing and the members entered heartily into the spirit of the operetta. With more practice they would learn to show their interest by sympathetic facial expression and a little more by-play. There is one particular in which both chorus and principals will need to make improvement, viz., in pronounciation. One leading singer used the word " Maiden " frequently, but every time made it sound " Maidin." With care, such faults of mispronounciation and accent should be avoided, to the obvious improvement of the performance and the pleasure of the listeners.

* *

Holywood.—The Church Guild—brought the winter session to a close with a very enjoyable social gathering on Monday, March 15th. The meeting was of special interest because the Congregation made use of the occasion to make a presentation to Mr. Ewart Lockett, who is leaving Ireland for Australia. Many members of the Congregation were present, and Mr.

William Patterson (Chairman of the Church Committee), was voted to the chair. During the programme, Mr. Patterson referred to the departure of their young friend, Mr. Ewart Lockett, and said that during his residence amongst them, Ewart had endeared himself to everyone of them. His manly bearing, his modesty and unassuming charm, had won all their hearts, and they felt they could not let him go from amongst them without some expression of their feelings towards him. The Ladies' Sewing Circle, with their customary forethought and unerring instinct of doing the right thing in a practical way, had arranged a little presentation on behalf of the Congregation as a token of their affection and esteem and as an earnest of their best wishes. They wished Ewart the best of fortune, the best of luck, the best of health, and every happiness in the far-off land he was going to. The Chairman then called on the President of the Ladies' Sewing Circle (Mrs. Patterson), to make the presentation. In handing Mr. Lockett a handsome crocodile-skin wallet inscribed with his initials and the date, and well-filled with Treasury notes, Mrs. Patterson said she had much pleasure in asking him to accept this little present from the Congregation. It carried with it their good wishes for his health, happiness and prosperity. Mr. Lockett, in reply, expressed his sincerest thanks. The presentation had come as a complete surprise to him, and he could only thank them very much for their great kindness to him. The wallet contained notes to the value of £25. The proceedings began with tea, followed by a short musical programme, during which songs were sung by Mrs. M'Kelvey, Mr. James Shannon, jun., and Mr. H. Shannon, jun. After the presentation the young people (and some of the grown-ups), thoroughly enjoyed themselves playing games and acting charades. * *

Templepatrick Presbytery.—A Meeting of the Presbytery of Templepatrick was held in the Meeting House at Templepatrick, at 3 o'clock on Tuesday 16th March. The proceedings were begun by the Rev. Alfred Turner in the pulpit. He announced a hymn which was sung, and then read a few verses of the 15th chapter of the Fourth Gospel, after which he spoke of the Movement for the Deepening of the Religious Life of the Churches in connection with which it had been decided to summon the Presbytery. The Moderator of the Presbytery being absent, Mr. Turner, having descended from the pulpit was unanimously appointed Moderator *pro tem.*, and constituted the meeting with prayer. There were present:—Rev. Alfred Turner and Mr. Robert Thompson, of Templepatrick; Rev. S. E. Bowen, of Crumlin; Rev. Felix Holt and Mr. John Hammil, of Ballymoney; and Rev. Eustace Thompson (Clerk), with Mr. James M'Clelland, of Cairncastle. There were present besides a number of ladies of the Templepatrick Congregation, including Miss Gettie, who played the organ for the hymn, also the Rev. G. V. Crook, of Antrim, and Rev. A. M. Bell, of Ballyclare, who were asked to sit and deliberate. As a result of the Meeting a United Service has been arranged to take place at the Church at Templepatrick, at 4 o'clock on Sunday, 16th May. The preacher will be the Moderator of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church (Rev. W. H. Townley Tilson). Tea will be provided after the service in the new Orange Hall at Templepatrick. An offertory will be taken at the service to meet the expense of that provision. All the Congregations of the Presbytery will be urged to send contingents. The service will be open to members of all the other churches, but the two neighbouring churches of the Antrim Presbytery, Antrim and Ballyclare, are to receive special and urgent invitations. At the conclusion of the business of the Presbytery, the representative elders, clerical and lay, and some of the ladies, having received an hospitable invitation, made their way to the Manse, and sat down together to tea. All who were present at that meeting of Presbytery must surely have felt how preferable for the

conduct of affairs proper to Presbyteries is a sacred building to office-apartments in city or town or any other not specially consecrated room. In fact, before the conclusion of the proceedings on this occasion. a resolution moved by Rev. S. E. Bowen (who had given notice of the motion at the previous meeting of Presbytery), was carried unanimously, as follows:—That in future as far as possible, all meetings of the Presbytery shall be held in a church.

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Mountpottinger.—The Annual Meeting of the congregation was held on Wednesday, March 3rd, when there was a good attendance of members. The chair was occupied by Mr. H. Thomas, who congratulated the church on the fact that the debit balance had been very materially reduced during the year owing to the special effort put forward for the Jubilee Celebrations in January, and the kind support given by friends of the cause. Dr. R. J. Munn was re-elected Hon. Secretary and Mr. E. R. Jackson Hon. Treasurer. Two vacancies on the Church Committee were filled by the election of Mr. H. Beattie and Mr. T. M'Murray, jun. After the business portion had been concluded, tea was served and the remainder of the evening was of a social character. Songs were contributed by Rev. M. Watkins and Mr. L. Watters, and Mrs. E. R. Jackson gave a musical monologue. The duties of accompanist were efficiently performed by Miss B. Ashworth. * *

Newry.—On Wednesday, February 24th, the scholars' annual social and prize distribution was held in the schoolroom. The attendance was excellent, some of the adult members of the congregation being present and assisting in the entertainment. Tea was provided and dispensed by the Misses S. and M. Warnock, I. M'Combe and M. Rainey, E. and A. Mitchell and Berry, Mrs. Slipper, Mrs. C. Warnock, and Mrs. M'Kinstry, assisted by Mr. C. Warnock. After the tea was disposed of, games were indulged in for some time, following which a programme was given by the children, the Rev. G. J. Slipper acting as Chairman. Chorus, "How loving God must be," Misses M. Berry and A. and M. M'Cracken, recitation, "My Shadow," Miss M. Berry; song, "Raindrops," Miss M. M'Cracken; song, "My Dolly," Miss R. Berry; recitation, "Grace for Light," Miss M. M'Cracken; song, "Jesus bids us shine," Miss A. M'Cracken; recitation, "On Washing Day," Miss M. Berry; chorus, "The Finger Family," Misses M. Berry and A. and M. M'Cracken; song, "My Native Land," Miss R. Berry; chorus, "Twinkle, twinkle little star," Misses M. Berry and A. and M. M'Cracken. Mr. C. Warnock then addressed the children, and impressed upon them the necessity for regular attendance. The Rev. G. J. Slipper followed Mr. Warnock and emphasised the fact that the prizes had to be earned. They had always set a very high standard in regard to the attendance, and they intended to adhere to it. The prizes were then presented to the scholars by Mrs. Slipper, who said a few words of encouragement, and hoped that next year a great many more prizes would be earned as she was quite sure the money would be found to buy them if they were deserved. The following is a list of prize-winners:—Mrs. Slipper's Class—First prize, Robert Mitchell; second prize, Ada Mitchell; third prize, Jeannie Lockart, Wm. M'Cracken, Jas. Cunningham, Gilbert Gordon; Miss Berry's Class—Second prize, Fred Cunningham; third prizes, Maisie M'Cracken, Geo. Wharton, James Wharton, John Gordon; Miss S. Warnock's Class — First prize, Robt. Wharton; second prizes, Jim M'Caigue, Sadie Wharton, Minnie Berry, Wm. M'Caigue; third prizes, Annie Cunningham, Leonard Cunningham, Willie Wharton, Samuel M'Caigue. Games were then indulged in after the presenting of the prizes until 9-30, when the meeting was brought to a close by the Benediction pronounced by Rev. G. J. Slipper. As the children left they were each presented with a bag containing fruit and pastry.

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OBITUARY—Mrs. Smith, of Antrim.

Mrs. Smith, widow of the late Rev. W. S. Smith, of Antrim, passed peacefully to rest on Wednesday, February 24th. For forty years, as the companion of her husband in Antrim, Mrs. Smith had cultivated a deep and accurate literary insight combined with a love for all things poetic, that gave to her conversation and correspondence an individuality strikingly her own. Since her husband's death in 1912, her life, always inclined for quiet and solitude, grew more and more lonely, and except for her own family circle, found that her mind to her a kingdom was. Quaint, original and poetic it was always a deep pleasure to visit and talk with her. The funeral service in the House on Saturday, February 27th, was conducted by her minister Rev. G. V. Crook, and Rev. Alfred Turner, of Templepatrick and at the grave by Rev. G. V. Crook, and Rev. S. Bowen of Crumlin. The Antrim Congregation unite in deepest sympathy with the bereaved family.

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